THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

For the Native American.

Mr. Editor: In the first number of "The Democratic Review and United States Magazine," there appeared an article entitled "Glances at Congress, No. 1;" in which was a mingling of sweets and bitters—at one time praising a member, and in the next breath abusing him with all the emphasis of party prejudice and personal dislike. One member, in particular, (the honorable Henry A. Wise,) was handled with the utmost severity; and, among other epithets, that of "monomaniac" was levelled at him. The writer of those Glances, as originally given in to the editors, never made use of bitter epithets in treating of Mr. Wise, and was surprised to find his descriptions so materially altered. Determined, therefore, to continue my work, I have availed myself of your consent to let them appear in the "Native," without alteration. I am glad that your paper is established, for it will afford an oportunity to all native-born Americans to write freely their sentiments against the encroachments of aliens. If my sketches will afford gratification to your readers, I will feel happy, and shall go on with my difficult but delightful task of delineating, hastily to be sure, the members of the American Congress.

In no case will I introduce party reflections, for I believe that public men can be viewed in other lights, than as the mere tools of passion and the representatives of party.

In justice to the highly respectable corps of Reporters, I have only to say, that an injustice was done them, by the Democratic Review, when its editors announced my "Glances" as written "*By a Reporter.*"

Yours, &c.

January, 1838. The Glancer.

GLANCES AT CONGRESS.

No. II.

Eloquence—Sculpture in the Capitól—An Incident—The Senate Chamber—A Passage at Arms.

Eloquence is the medium through which genius and learning more strikingly impart their deep communings to the heart and ear. It is indeed an art of a character exquisitely perfect, and more thoroughly allied to nature than any other agent of intellectual power. Judging from its effects, I think it can be safely ranked among the first moral attributes of man. It is the mighty mean by which the mass is enkindled to deeds of heroic revolution, or soothed to forbearance in the first glorious outbreak from bondage into the ripe and effulgent noon of freedom. The elements with which it accomplishes its purposes are rare in their construction—the marvellous enthusiasm of the speaker is carried to the hearts of his auditors—at one moment the eyes are kindling with fire, at another melting with pity. It is the moral magic of the human tongue, whispering to the soul and radiating every interstice of that seat of feeling with its vivifying rays. It is the poetry of the mind and heart made evident to the commonest of mankind. The harp, in the days of chivalry, sounding amid the soft blandishments of knightly love, the libation of wine and the jar of arms, usurped the sway of eloquence, and the tingling wire with the bard's enthusiasm, kindled those festive assemblies to all the wild emotions incident to an ardent and vivid age. The minstrelsy of the old bardic tribes performed the historic part of a patriotic and brilliant eloquence, and while recording the deeds of heroes, it served as the instrument to convey the rude impromptu effusions of the poet. Sounding along the front ranks of an army, while the banners "flouted the pale blue skies," it cast a spell over the warrior's heart and nerved him to deeds worthy of the inspiring song.

But music only for a time held dominion over the peculiar province of the orator. Its numbers were confused and sometimes unintelligible—it accomplished every thing, but paused at the threshold of instruction. The philosophy of the bard was wild, sparkling and transient; the deed of one chief was forgotten in the more deadly combat of another—trophies thrown around, the instrument of song waked its melody to continued novelties, and the fingers that swept the chords stopped not to teach the people lessons of wisdom and religion. Every thing was swept along by the impulse of the wildering strain. The voice of the minstrel, and the heroic or amorous symphony of his graceful harp broke forth like the music of syrens, amid the voluptuous and martial musings of the time. Knights spurred on to the tournament, where love reigned mistress of the lists; or dashed their steeds upon the battle field, where victory or death paraded with their nodding plumes. When chivalry, in all its exterior glory and interior charm, faded away—not when the "Dauphiness of France" sunk behind the horizon, but at a much earlier day—and the stern assembling of men commenced to form constitutions for the people and crowns for the ambitious few, then the music of the harp was hushed, and the voice of the statesman, clothed with wisdom, was poured upon the ear of men with a new and startling power. I speak now of the eloquence of comparatively modern times, not referring to those ancient and splendid epochs when Athens and Rome, the one from her single hill, the other from its seven, held joint empire over mind and matter, and eloquence and poetry, music and sculpture, each speaking to the senses, commanded, what was joyfully conceded, the worship of the cloud-envelloped nations. Subsequent to, and at the period of, forming the English magna charta, the tide of manly and stirring elocution commenced its flow—onward and onward its mellow waves were borne, surging on the vast shores of the human mind, and bearing on its surface the flashings of every faculty to which man is incident, until in later days, elevated on its waves we find a Pitt, a Burke and Sheridan, those master spirits, controlling the ebbing and flooding of the passions of man. On their shoulders had fallen the mantles of Demosthenes and Cicero, and to them was given the power to sway the judgment and enchant the heart.

The eloquence of an eloquent man is the harp-music of the soul. Who that has listened to those gif.ed in voice and mind, descanting on some grand absorbing topic, but has held his breath, lest the smallest word should pass beyond his yearning sense; how the pulses quicken, how the whole nervous system is agitated and attuned to the nicest sensibility,—a fever seems to overcome us, and we would almost permit the crowd in our rear to rush over us like the Juggernaut of the Indian, so that we might be permitted, in our dying agonies, to catch the melodious voice and inspired language of the orator.

Do I paint too vividly for this age of hissing steamboats and thundering railroads? To those who may favor these columns with a perusal, who live beyond the convenient chance of paying a visit to Washington, and who have been accustomed to view eloquence merely in the abstract, never having seen it embodied, save in some county court lawyer of their vicinage, perhaps all my enthusiasm may be placed to the account of "small change;" but I can assure them that there is no influence so overcoming, so all-mastering, as that of language.

I have said my eulogium at the commencement of this paper, and shall not trouble my friends with a renewal.

Having never been in England, I am of course incapable of introducing comparisons between English orators and our own. I have never heard Lord Brougham, that wild and daring genius, soar in his philosophical, political flights; nor O'Connell, the child of Erin and of agitation, who poured the lava of his burning heart so copiously on the heads of the thousands at Glascow, that they would have made an arch of triumph for him with their dissevered arms; nor Shiel, whose kindled eye is said to be so full of thought; nor Lyndherst, that first great man of the British realm;—but I have been where genius was prompting her sons to great and masterly efforts. I have stood by the hour, when I wished every true lover of eloquence could have been with me, and heard the glorious pictures drawn of power, States, and of Government. In a country like our own, so overrun and trodden down by newspapers that go forth from the little sanctums of the press-rooms, to cut the Delphic to gaping eyes; I need not say that I allude to the American Congress as the scene of all this elocution; for those papers have all and each directly or indirectly pointed, at one time or another, to the Capitol as the arena where great men fight their battles, and where principles greater than empires are the subject of combat.

I wish it to be understood in these "Glances" that I do not speak in a party sense, for I am not a political writer. My object is to give a sketch of Congress as it is—its members, and their manners; but I must be pardoned if I travel a little out of the record to a point of time removed some years back. I refer to the great South Carolina debate which took place in the Senate Chamber upon the Tariff question of 1833. I was in the gallery. The nullification fever had risen almost phrenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower House to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and Daniel Webster. When I entered the Hall, General Hayne was speaking; he was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of the middle stature and well made. He was speaking energetically—his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was extremely pale; he moved up and down the ailes formed between the desks with a rapid and agitated step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. I was peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling evident in the Chamber. Mr. Calhoun was in the chair: with his large, steady, and vigilant eyes witnessing the first great battle of his doctrine; he seemed the very spirit of embodied interest—not a word, not a gesture of General Hayne escaped his lion look. The Senate was deeply interested, as a matter of course. The language of General Hayne was rich and vigorous; and his powerful sketch of the effect of the Impost Law on the South—the description he gave of her people—his own bold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing, were evidently making a strong impression on the body. From time to time attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom General Hayne attacked under cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark and melancholy, that man, thus assailed, sat apart, bleak and frowning as a mountain rock; he evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment—how grand that scene, and what were the meditations and spirit-rallyings of that dark man? His countenance wavered not during the whole of that tremendous speech; assault after assault was made upon him, but yet he neither turned to the right nor left, but calmly and gallantly, like a soldier waiting the signal, he 'bided his hour. That time of retaliation came swift as the thoughts of vengeance to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort—the lashing sarcasm—the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language? General Hayne (I remember distinctly) changed his color, and appeared much disconcerted; but who that heard him will permit the perroration to be forgotten—those closing passages of grandeur, that magestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country? Looking, with his dark and lustrous eye, through the glass dome of the Chamber, over which he could see that banner flowing, he delivered an apostrophe which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest—a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling; and, coming from such a source, (a man generally esteemed phlegmatic,) it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset, or the gleam of summer lightening, radiating the brow of the cliff to which I have above alluded.

But those scenes are past, and the country has had the benefit of those speeches; but the memory of them, and the incidents that attended them, are forcibly impressed upon my mind.

In my first number I sketched a few members of the House* and I shall not feel myself bound to linger in either branch for any length of time, but pass from one to the other, as the fancy may suit me.

I will take the reader with me and discourse as we pass through the Rotunda on our way to the Senate.

We step by a soda fountain† in the vestibule leading from the exterior lobby of the House, where the members and strangers can be seen in groupes, making wry faces, as they gulph down the evervescent water. Passing then through a tall door, we pause in the Rotunda to look around us. To an untravelled eye the scene is imposing. The room is immense, but in perfect proportion. Its colossal dome seems to pierce the very clouds, and the pannelling is beautifully executed. In the centre of the hall stands Levy's celebrated statue, in bronze, of Thomas Jefferson. Near the base of the statue is a man with a long, red nose and grey eye, and a pair of green spectacles, rocking a giant in an easy chair. This is a patent, and placed there to catch the admiration of boys, and take the members and messengers from their business. The back of the chair has struck against the base of Jefferson, and the poor man of the long nose, is shuffling about to see that all is safe. At a few steps distance, is a tall wooden machine, with a leather coffin strapped to it, and harness dangling about in all the grace of tannery, and brilliancy of iron buckles. This is a great invention to bear away from battle the wounded soldiers. Covered with blue cloth, blue as the Heavens or the sea, and studded with gold, effulgent as the gilded draperies of the couch of the sleeping sun, with an eagle proudly lifting himself on his expanding wings: lo! a patent steam bath! It smells wonderfully of brimstone, and a worthy man is showing its advantages. In another section sits a man weaving stockings, and the eye turns from the homely instrument of comfort to Doughty's picture of the Rhine's Sources, placed over the stocking manufacturer's head. Rail cars clatter along inclined planes in this hall, steamboats throb and pant, ploughs look sulky, and reaping hooks and scythes, and spinning jennies, and silk aprons, and, to crown all, like the bones of the mammoth straddling over the pigmy proportions of the other animals in a stuffed museum, behold the giant cart and harrow! There stands the huge machine bristling with its innumerable teeth, uncooth and unmannerly in such a place. The next thing to be brought and placed in the Rotunda, will be a carriage and patented horses, and a full rigged frigate. It is idle and ridiculous that these odious and huckstering tricks should be tolerated by the Speaker of the House. The beautiful floor of the Rotunda will be broken to pieces with these enormous machines; carts, harrows, wagons, and field-pieces of every description, up to a thirty-nine pounder, will batter to pieces the finest masonry in the world, and then the taste of the thing; the Rotunda was made for other purposes than a toy-shop. It is not an accredited wing of the Patent Office, nor is it a magnetizing apartment. The great wonder in my mind is, that it has not been offered to the great menagerie, where Jack, the monkey, might ride round the statue of Jefferson, and the dwarf poney kick up his heels at the members of the American Congress. To preserve the building in all its fairness and excellence, for it is, after all that has been said upon the subject, a very well arranged edifice, strict rules and exclusive laws should be enforced against these curiosity venders and "dealers in the temple."

I cannot pass from the Rotunda without a glance or two at the carvings in the pannels of the walls.

Imbued with the spirit of a classical discovery, the author of Smith and Pocahontas, has delineated the Indians of America with fine Grecian features. It is not the first dim glimmering of a profound and wonderful era in the history of mankind. Who knows but that the sagacious carver in stone had some strong hold upon the ancient books, by which he traced back the lineage of Powhatan to Theseus? Certain it is, there is not a trace of the true Indian in the whole piece, and I hope that the crumbling nature of the free-stone will permit this work of art to go into decay.

If Greece was thought of by him, who made Powhatan's family groupe, the genius who executed Penn and the Indians, was surely dreaming of all the fat majesty of Holland. Pen is fat; the Indians are fatter than Penn, and the chickens or doves perched in the tree are fatter than the Indians, and the leaves are fatter than the birds, and as the Printer would say, the whole piece is fat.

The landing of Plymouth should have been done by a master. The Indian on the rock looks as if he was a giant extending an ear of corn to the Pilgrims. I am not sure, but the impression is on my mind that this is false to history, and to produce a picture on such a subject, the sculptor had no right to falsify that interesting and profound occasion. The Pilgrims landed and found corn buried in the sand in baskets, the Indians having fled. Pull the whole affair down, and in its stead carve some beautiful monument worthy of that event; and for mercy's sake let directions be given to the artist not to make the Indian an idiot, at least in appearance.

Directly over the door through which we passed into the hall, is the sculptural representation of the celebrated Boon killing an Indian. One Indian already lies beneath the feet of the combattants, and the grim smile of a painful death is well preserved by the artist. The Indian in the act of applying his broad axe or tomahawk, I am not certain which, is an outrageous distortion—a lay figure on the rack for the student of anatomy.

The figure of Boon is well executed—the resolute countenance of the hero, with his woodland costume, are in keeping with his well known character.

I remember a scene which once occurred beneath this picture, and which I will gossip over ere I take a seat in the Senate gallery. The Winnebago Indians, many years ago, paid a visit to Washington. They were a remarkably wild and fine looking tribe, perfectly uncivilized. Their war dresses were magnificent, and the paint was laid inch deep upon their great broad faces.

I was standing in the Rotunda, when a groupe of these Indian Chiefs took their station before the representation in stone I have last described. They formed a semicircle in front of it, and examined it intently. One of the braves stepped from the line, and approached the death scene. His silver bells rang, and the long bear-skin moccasins brushed over the floor. He drew his blanket across his shoulders, and stood in a proud and lofty attitude. Suddenly he gave a yell of anger and revenge, and darted through the Rotunda, followed by his whole party. I thought that I had heard their battle cry, and almost instinctively felt for my scalp. Whether that yell was in rage or admiration, and I think it was the first, it was a barbaric compliment paid to the artist for the truth and force of his performance. It was worth a volume of erudite criticism.

Stumbling on my way, through one or two miserably dark passages, the Senate Chamber is at length reached. It is small in comparison with the House of Representatives. The ceiling is stuccoed, and the dome of glass is consecrated, in my mind, by that beautiful allusion of Mr. Webster, to which I have hastily referred. The ladies gallery, for even grave Senators cannot do without their cheering presence, the only kind of *cheering* permitted in our National Councils, runs around the half-moon of the hall, and is supported by light bronze pillars. Beneath this gallery, are sofas for wearied members, who take advantage of the inviting cushions, and lounge in true North American elegance. At the northern and southern private entrances, two large mahogany prison houses may be seen, with three or four curious looking gentlemen in each, who are incessantly engaged in business hours with writing out speeches or letters for distant political papers. These gentlemen are the speech reporters and writers of letters, a tribe of individuals famous in this country, and who are forming to themselves an independent literature, adapted to haste, and totally free from responsibility. An honorable Senator who wanted to vent his spite against a certain member of the honorable fraternity of scribes, upon one occasion lately, approached the desk, and in a *sotto voce*, said: "You look like a prisoner in the box." "Yes," replied the witty and unabashed reporter, "and if I was, you should not sit as juryman upon my trial." The Senator took a pinch of snuff, and dodged behind the Vice President's chair, cut to the very quick. The Reporter gravely went on with an abusive letter he had been writing, enjoying the satisfaction of having said a good thing, and entirely regardless of the powerful enemy he had made. There he sits free and democratic in the broadest acceptation of the term, tolerated by those high spirited representatives, and by the Vice President of a great nation; not because they respect, in the least, those humble reporters, but because they, too, are the representatives on that floor of a higher power than any there. They are the delegates from the great body of the press—a bold, dauntless, and irresponsible press—the engine that commands respect and instils fear. The reporters are calm amid the wildest and most furious scenes, because they are the champions of the people, and of the people's palladium, as the press has been styled.

The Vice President's chair is plain and unostentatious; a gilded eagle at the apex of the stoop, clutches the crimson drapery in his talons, and thence it flows down in graceful festoons. Over the chair is the rude and awkward gallery for the gentlemen or the people in general, and here boldly presented to the gaze of all, is Peale's celebrated likeness of the Pater Patriæ. Its huge size and massive frame are directly in the way, and entirely out of keeping with the great original, who never stood in the way of the people. Here the absurd taste of some official drapery hanger has placed the likeness, precisely where the large crowds in the male gallery cannot see it, and where it closes out an entire view of the floor. It was much better where it was last winter, at the south end of the gallery. As it is, many are the patriotic citizens who are half induced to curse the picture, merely on account of its situation. For the sake of George Washington's modesty, if not for the people, remove it, and let it be an ornament and a household God, rather than a nuisance.

[To be continued.]

* In the December number of the Democratic Review.

† This part of the Sketch was written during the Extra Session.

For the Native American.

Mr. Editor: You were kind enough to publish in your paper, my brief sketch of the Honorable Mr. Merrick, of the Senate. As a Marylander, I am more than ever proud of our Senator, since his bold and gallant stand on Saturday last, in the Senate, on the pre-emption bill. On that occasion he spoke for the Native cause, and against the foreign influence. Maryland, in her native heart, will re-echo the sentiments of her independent representative, and will entwine another flower in his increasing chaplet. I hope you will not forget to give to Mr. Merrick his full meed of praise.

But I promised to sketch Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore.

He is about forty years of age, with a large brilliant eye, and extraordinary countenance—something grave, yet quizzical in its expression. Mr. J. was born in the county of Prince George, and bred to the practice of the law. He became pre-eminent at the bar for his earnest eloquence, and moving to Baltimore, soon assumed a lofty stand with Wirt, McMahon, and other eminent jurists. His mode of speaking is loud and vehement; he yields up his whole soul to the case, and pours forth stream after stream of burning elocution, and powerful thought. He is destined to take a wide and more prominent field, and if he would mingle more in the political questions of his State, he would rise to any point of honor within the gift of her people.

Charles County.

Capital Punishment—Isaac Dale.—The execution of Isaac Dale, for the murder of McCafferty, in Giles county, which was to have taken place near this city yesterday, was suspended, and the prisoner respited under the following extraordinary circumstances:

An act was finally passed and signed by the Speakers of the two Houses of the General Assembly yesterday morning in relation to capital punishments, whereby it is made the duty of the Governor to commute punishment in capital cases finally determined by the Supreme Court, to imprisonment for life in the State Penitentiary whenever the Judges of said Court shall certify to him that there were, in their opinion, extenuating circumstances attending the case, and that, in their opinion, the punishment of death ought to be commuted. The act applies to all persons now under sentence of death for murder in the first degree, and the judgment of the Circuit Court has been, or may hereafter be, affirmed in the Supreme Court; and it also provides that, in cases hereafter to be tried, when any person is convicted of murder in the first degree, if the Jury who try him should be of opinion that there were mitigating circumstances in the case, and shall so state in their verdict, then it shall be the duty of the Court to sentence the defendant to confinement in the Penitentiary for life.

Although the Supreme Court is not now in session, there is a saving proviso at the close of the act, whereby one of the Judges are authorized to supersede an execution to take place in the interval of adjournment, "when the Supreme Court has adjourned during the term at which said judgment of the Circuit Court was affirmed to meet again before the next regular term of said Court."

Under the authority in this proviso, Judge Reese yesterday respited Dale for the term of thirty days, or until the meeting of the Court.

We understand that all necessary preparations were yesterday made for the execution of this miserable culprit—the gallows erected, and shroud and coffin made, and not until after twelve o'clock was it known that the merciful arm of the Legislature had been interposed to save him. A large crowd who had collected at the jail were disappointed (agreeably we hope) on the fact being announced.—*Nashville Whig.*

Leila.—By E. L. Bulwer, Esq.—The presses of the Harper establishment are scarcely rested from their toil in pouring forth edition after edition of Ernest Maltravers, when the same author calls them once more into activity; the "last new Novel," by the author of Pelham, has but little more than reached the distant readers of the Far West, when another follows close upon its heels, to run the wide career of popularity. From England, in 1537, the creative fancy of the novelist turns back to the romantic age of Spanish history—to the fading splendors of the Moorish dominion, and the warlike Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. In a word, the Harpers have just published Lila, a tale of the siege of Grenada, by the prolific author of the Disowned and Eugene Aram. It is a brilliant and exciting story, which thousands will read with avidity, and of which none will complain, except that it is not longer. —*N. Y. Star.*

Davenport's Electro Magnetic Machines.—Important Experiment.—Yesterday, two machines, now being constructed by Davenport and Cook, were put in motion in the presence of several editors, and twenty or thirty other citizens, and although both machines are incomplete, the experiment was highly satisfactory to the spectators, clearly demonstrating that the power of Electro-Magnetism may, by machinery, be multiplied to an indefinite extent. One of these machines, with 468 small magnets, weighing five pounds each, will be equal to a two-horse power, and the other, with 16 large magnets, weighing 50 pounds each, is calculated for a one-horse power. Only about one-third of the magnets were used in the experiment yesterday. In the course of a week or two one of these machines, we understand, will be applied to a Napier printing press, when we shall endeavor to give a detailed description of the engine, and apparatus.

We congratulate Mr. Davenport on the evidence he has given that he is so far ahead of all experimenters in Electro Magnetism in Europe or America, and we trust that he may meet with the encouragement which is so justly his due.—*N. Y. Star.*

Great Conflagration.—At half-past 11 o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in a stable in Sixth street, near Avenue D, which was destroyed. The wind was very high at the time, and the fire communicated to the other buildings on the block bounded by Fifth and Sixth streets and Avenue D, and the dwellings between Avenue D and the water; and seventeen fine two and three story brick buildings, with the greater part of their contents, and three stables were destroyed; loss estimated at from 45 to 50,000 dollars. The principal part of the buildings were owned by J. G. Costar, Esq. and, we learn, covered by insurance.

By this destructive fire, at the most inclement season of the year, thirty families have been deprived of a home, and many of them have lost all their furniture and clothing. We have collected the names and residences of those whose dwellings have been destroyed, as correct as we could. —*N. Y. Mer. Advertiser.*

A Hairless Horse.—A horse which is now exhibiting at Tattersalls, is certainly a great curiosity. There is not a hair on any part of his body, from his ears to his tail, nor on any of his limbs. He is a perfectly formed and docile animal, and his skin is as smooth and as soft as a lady's, or as the great anaconda's. Startle not, fair dames, at the combination, for we mean no disrespect to you whatever. It is said that the dam was frightened almost to death at the sight of an elephant, and her foal resembles the object of her dread, in colour, and somewhat in his mode of standing. He is said to be a quick walker and a fast trotter. His original proprietor, it is reported, was as much frightened at his hairless appearance, as his dam was at the elephant, and was so anxious to get rid of him, that he gave him away to a neighbor, who kept him until he was three years old, and sold him to his present owner for $2,300.—*N. Y. Mer. Advertiser.*

Horses.—Since the first of January, a year ago, there have been shipped to the West Indies from New Haven, 2046 horses.

Marine Monster.—A lobster was taken last week in Flatlands Bay, the first joint of the larger claw of which weighed four and a half pounds, and will contain 3 pints and 1 gill of water.—*Long Island Star.*

Simplicity of Mahommedan Worship.—The mode of worship in the mosques is extremely simple. Every one, upon entering, engages in private devotion; and all, from the sultan to the meanest peasant, are upon an equality within the mosque. After the private devotions are concluded, the assembly is addressed by the priest in a discourse generally illustrative of the practical duties of life. Among all the different forms of false religion, there is none less revolting to the Christian's feelings than that of the Arabian impostor. They acknowledge the true God, and his son Jesus Christ, and many of the Patriarchal fathers, and old Testament records; but have mingled up with the simple worship of Christians, many of the traditions of the Jews, and still more of the inventions of that ingenious usurper, who knew well how to pamper the depraved appetites of those over whom he sought to weave the web of his new religion, in which he declares himself to be the Prophet of the Most High.

In 1772 the first stage-coach with four horses, was established in this country, at Boston. It took two days to go to Providence; and the passengers used to offer up prayers in church before starting.

"How is it," said one little Miss to another, "that John's never afreared and I am?" "Because he's got a Roman nose and feels safe—don't you remember how we read that it has always been said a *Roman knows*—no danger?"